

(133)

A
S O N G
O N T H E
CITY OF LONDON.

O LONDON is a dainty place,
A great and gallant City :
For all the streets are pav'd with Gold;
And all the folks are witty.

And there's your Lords and Ladies
That ride in Coach and Six ;
That nothing drink but Claret Wine,
And talk of Politicks.

(133)

And there's your
powder'd cloaths,
Bedaub'd from Head to
Their Pocket-holes adorn'd
But not one Soufe with

And there the English A
With many a hungry I
While heaps of Gold are f
On Signior Farinelly

And there's your Dam
Frames,
With Skins as white as
Dress'd every Day in Ga
Of Sattin and of Silk.